

It was only two aged women Who met by chance that day. One had eyes of lovellest blue, The other, the sweetest gray.

"Where go you?" said the blue-eyed one
To her with the eyes of gray.
"I'm going to visit my husband's grave,
In the southland far away."
"Was he a soldier?" the blue-eyed asked,
As she gazed in the eyes of gray;
And half unconsciously she grasped
Her hand in a loving way.

The eyes of gray lit up with pride; "Yes, he was a soldier true:

"Yes, he was a soldier true:

He fell at the battle of Shiloh"—
"Oh! there's where mine fell, too."

And then they clasped each other and wept,
The eyes of blue and gray
Mingled their flood of sympathy
As the train sped on its way.

"What uniform did your 'soldier' wear?"

"My soldier wore the blue."

"Ah," said the other, "mine wore the gray."

"No matter, they both were true."

"Yes, they were true, our loved and lost,
True till their dying day:
And it matters not what they were on earth,
They are clothed in white to-day."

And when we came to the station, A very small town by the way, The men all stood bareheaded As the two went on their way.
They walked up the street together,
Like children hand in hand,
Out on the country highway
Where the old church used to stand.

And on and on till they reached the place Where their soldiers brave were laid; Then they kissed and wept o'er each grave

And together knelt down and prayed; Then each told the other about the past, How they lived with their children dear, And agreed, while God would spare their To meet there once a year.

And then they walked back to the station,
These soldiers' widows' in tears,
Helped by each other's sympathy,
To bear their burden of years,
Back to the west they traveled,
To their children, kind and true;
One with even of the sweetest gray One with eyes of the sweetest gray, The other, the loveliest blue. -N. Y. Sun.



slow. Those dark spots upon my polished blade are specters of blood, shades of the precious drops which, in more stirring days, were the red seals of courage, signs manual of heroes testifying to future generations their knowledge of heroic deeds. In the days of the Crusades, when mailed knights went forth to battle for the cross, sword handle was held upright and by that they swore to heroic vows. Therefore when they ended with the words "said by the sword," it meant the unvarnished truth. My handle, too, is a eross. "Said by the sword," now as. then means that I testify truly. Members of the sword family are long lived, maintaining their keenness and clasticity to old age. There are hundreds of years of service in me yet, and I may flash in the forefront of many a gallant charge when the sons and daughters of this generation have turned to dust. 1 flashed bravely in behalf of the old flag in the civil war. How much worthier was the oft-quoted sword of Bunker Hill than the sword of Gettysburg and Ap--pomattox?

I was presented to Capt. Carroll, a young volunteer, in 1861. A young lady with eyes brighter than my flashing blade or the jewels upon my hilt made the presentation in behalf of the ladies, and I saw at once by the way in which the captain regarded her thought more of the gift because of the giver. She was petite, a mere morsel of humanity, but as dainty a morse! as ever made a mark for Cupid's busy bow. Small in quantity, first-class in quality, with a heart of the largest size in a body of the smallest, her luminous soul flashed in amjestic courage through love-lit eyes, and she was every inch a model of the devoted patriot women of 1861 and 1865.

Off we went to the war. It was not a junket nor yet a pleasure exeursion. In a few months the gallant ranks were thinned, empty sleeves appeared in many parts of the line, boyish faces bebronzed, and boyish spirits ripened in the sultry atmosphere of confliet into the strong, stern, sturdy hearts of veterans tried and true. I flashed ever well toward the front, and the red flame of conflict became the beacon which led our boys to victory. In a year I led a regiment and gloried in the achievements of him whose union soldiers, their fing sometimes waving proudly in victory, sometimes trailing in temporary defeat, but ever on furlough and announced his appointreappearing through the carnage to ment as an officer upon one of our cruithe hosts of patriots toward the inevitable end.

At the battle of Winchester my master and I, fighting in the thickest of the fray, engaged a handsome confederate officer and were overmatched. Down fell Col. Carroll, his glazing eyes regarding me longingly as my captor bore me away. Much against my will I served him for awhile, and though swords re gard it their duty to serve their owners regardless of the cause they espouse, it went against the grain to strike at those who wore the union blue. But my new master was every inch a soldier and a manly fellow. True hearts beat as nobly under confederate gray as under union blue. Thank God that the noblest of them all beat together in loyalty now! The fraternity of truly noble souls asserted itself upon occasion, even then.

One day about four weeks after my capture, Col. Poindexter bore me on a round of visits through the hospitals. Past cot after cot we went, most of the bravely served the sire. Soldiers are always-ready, so I gladly obeyed.

Proudly we sailed the seas. Strange ly enough my young master's chosen friend on the vessel was Carroll Poindexter, son of the confederate colonel who once wore me for awhile. The son of the man in gray was the bosom friend of the son of the man in blue, both loyally serving under the old flag, united heart and soul against its foes. It pleased me to note their friendship as the sunny symbol following the storm cloud of civil war.

Finally we anchored one day in a harbor of the tropies. The land-locked bay was almost in the center of a large city, whose gayly-colored houses stood out against backgrounds of palms, and farther still great mountains which erected nature's cathedral spires and lifted their sunlit summits to the azure sky.

There was revolution on the beautipale faces thereon being those of union ful island and feeling ran high. Sud-



THERE WERE MEMORIAL WREATHS'UPON BOTH PORTRAITS NOW.

ipon which lay Col. Carroll, my comrade whom I had mourned as dead. Col. Poindexter recognized him at once, spoke kindly to him and spent some time in conversation. I could have leaped out of my scabbard in my anxiety to rejoin my brave comrade of the union cause, but I could not. It is our misfortune that we may change places only at the will of others. Suddenly a pleasant thing happened. Col. Poindexter unbuckled me from his belt, laid me on the cot beside Col. Carroll, said "Take your weapon, colonel, your courage entitles you to wear it," and walked swiftly away. Col. Carroll actually kissed me in his delight, and I verily believe his recovery was twice as rapid after that day. Soon after we were exchanged, and again led some of the boys in blue as they fought for the good old banner of the stars.

By and by we saw the end together. At Appomattox the conquered banner bent low to ours, and its fewer stars set to rise no more forever. The gallant ranks in gray melted away and scattered to distant homes, and the ranks in blue marched proudly homeward, glad that the good cause was won. Not long after our return there was a wedding, and Celestia Kirk became Mrs. Carroll. Of course I was at the ceremony, and the two brightest creatures there was the pretty bride and myself. I was treated with distinguished consideration, and soon after installed in this place of honor in the new home, a throne I have occupied ever since except for a period I shall soon tell you of. The observed of all observers, people like to notice me, and the family tells my story with a pride in my record as genuine as my own. That house was a center of patriotic influences, and I was usually brought into all discussions concerning the war, a flashing exclamation point emphasizing gladly what Col. Carroll sfiid.

I saw my beloved master and his sweet-faced wife grow gray, their hair silvering until it resembled the bullion decorations upon my scabbard and hilt. And I saw their two lovely boys grow up to stalwart young manhood, as proud of me as was their parents. To those boys I became also a mentor, one they trusted and loved. At last one went to the naval academy at Annapolis, and one to the far west to seek his fortune, their parents once more taking up the burdens of the old life alone. I used to hear their conversation at eventide and knock at the door and who should walk hear the letters from the boys read. I in but young Louis Carroll, the son who may be made of metal, but it warmed even my stern heart to note their happiness, the love which mellowed and refined with years. "True as steel," is a common phrase. Sensitive as steel would be equally applicable. We swords are brave, and the brave are ever tender hearted.

Suddenly the letters from younger son ceased coming, and they to its far northern destination as one of heard later that he had sailed away from San Francisco for some distant and he had been out of reach of mail many a time that flash leaping out in land and that the vessel was never heard from again. They heard of this in May, and when Memorial day came around a wreath of roses and forget-menots was placed around the portrait of chosen comrade I was. On went the the loved and lost, which flanked my polar bear, and the letter reposed with position on the mantelpiece. On that Memorial day the other son came home interior.

oldiers. Suddenly we came to one | denly one night, as my master and his companion conversed in low tones in their hammocks, there came a sound as of thunder, the great ship heaved and rocked, fires burst forth as though her interior had become the crater of a volcano, and by their baleful light bodies of men could be seen hurled into the air, some shattered, some whole, while underneath the watching sharks waited for their prey and overhead great vultures gathered for their grewsome feast. It seemed like a section of the judgment day breaking prematurely before the natural coming of the dawn. The Maine had been blown up and another event had been written in blood and flame upon the pages of history. The two comrades, my master and his friend, both died. They were brave and comely youths. God keep their memory green!

I was sent bome and again installed ipon my throne, a more priceless relic now than ever. It chilled me to note the grief of the aged couple, now bereaved, with both the brave boys who would have cherished them in their old age, gone before them to the silent land. There were memorial wreaths upon both portraits now which flanked me on either side and completed the row of precious things gracing this home altar. The open fire below seemed to be offering incense to their memory when the aged father at eventide unburdened his heart in prayer, his only arm clasping close his aged wife.

Then came the sorrows. The home had been mortgaged to pay for the tuition of the boys, and the seanty pencion served simply to meet the mere expense of living. The holder of the mortgage was one of those who think sentiment is unbusinesslike, men who think the dollar mark a better badge than the hero's sears. So the day of fate drew on space and the skies of the future seen from the little home darkened. There was faith and courage there, but these do not heal scarred bearts or shield the most heroic souls from bitter sorrows. How I would have liked to spike that hard-hearted old skinflint who sneered cynically at pleas made for time and opportunity. It is lucky for such wretches that swords are powerless to act upon impulse or strike when the iron (or rather the steel) is hot.

The night before the day of doom that on which the aged couple were to be driven from the home made sacred by precious memories, there was was supposed to have been lost on the Pacific. Stalwart, smiling, brown as a berry, he clasped the aged parents in his arms and they mingled smiles and tears in a confusion as charming as it was unphilosophical. The ship been lost but all the passengers had not. Louis was one of the rescued, was taken in the schooner which picked them up the whaling fleet in the Behring sea, facilities and ordinary transportation. One letter be had entrusted to a roving Esquimo, but the man in furs had evidently proved a poor postman. Perhaps he had fallen a victim to a walrus or his remains in its department of the

Better still, Louis had been to the Alaska mines and had been there reasers. My old master gave me to him, sonably successful. He was not a mil-and bade me serve the son as I had lionaire, but he had nuggets enough to and torpedo boat.—Boston Heraid.

lifted. Who was it that said: "At eventime there shall be light?" In life's dim twilight the old people are happy and safe once more. When Memorial day comes I shall be worn again by the honored commander of the G. A. R. post as the members march proudly under their tattered battle flag to decorate the graves of their dead. Upon those grassy altars we will renew our vows of fidelity to the old flag and the union it gloriously represents. Already arrangements have been made with American friends at Havana, and a silken flag with flowers in profusion will lie on the grave of the young soldier I served, sleeping peacefully there with more than 200 comrades who wore the blue. In God's good time, perhaps in 1899, soldiers of the Cuban republic, then fully established, may plant the flags and scatter the flowers

on those honored graves.

erect an efficient barrier against mort-

gages for a lifetime. I heard him say

after he paid Old Moneybags his claim

that he was strongly tempted to hit him with the flat of the sword which

hung on the wall and then throw him

out of the window. I wish he had, for

I should like to have had a share in the

skirmish. His good mother rebuked

him for the words, but I thought I saw

a gleam of approval in his father's eyes,

though he too was a fairly good Chris-

tian under ordinary circumstances. And so the cloud over the little home

And on the evening of Memorial day here we are to have a wedding. Louis Carroll, the returned Klondiker, will marry Virginia Secession Poindexter, daughter of the man who once captured me from her father-in-law. Captor and captured will be there, and the whole squad will be union to the core. The dainty little maiden will practice what she preaches by her "union" with the son of the man in blue, and the old uniform will be brought out for the occasion, my honored self hanging as of old near the soldier's side. The old soldiers will each wear blue and gray; blue in faded uniforms, gray in beards and hair. And over the alcove in which the happy pair stand to be wed will flutter tattered remnant of the old battle flag.

Alas, of the old comrades I am the only one who looks as young as ever. I hope to fight the enemies of my country hundreds of years after all of you who read this sleep with the silent majority under the sod. Shall we meet in Heaven? St. John in Revelations speaks of flaming swords there, and of flaunting blades. Be that as it may, "All's well that ends well." I leave those I love in the happy light which illumines their radiant faces as a result of the reunion and the wedding, the light of undying affection which arches like a halo over the altar of home. My simple story is ended. May its lessons live in human hearts for many years to come I. EDGAR JONES.

PATRIARCHISM.

Colored Citizen Has a Great Desire to Show His Peculiar Patriotism.

A gentleman who was in Charleston on business last week teils a story that was in circulation in that live and patriotic West Virginia city:

While Gen. Appleton, adjutant general of the state, was passing down one of the principal streets on his way to his office in the capitol a colored brother, and there are scores and scores of them in that town, bailed the general. "Gineral, 'scuse me for stoppin' you, but I'd like to ax you a quessen, sah, if

you'se got time ter answer hit." "Certainly, sir," said Gen. Appleton. What is it?"

"Well, suh, does you think ther's

gwine to be wah?" "It looks that way now, but I fear rom the way the white me

ing forward that you colored people will have a very slim chance to enlist. Did you think of going?"

"No, sah; I can't say I's achin' to go, sah, but I would like, of I have to. show my patriarchism, sah, foh you know, giner'l, dat de colo'd folk hab besides to supply posts and braces jist as much patriarchism as de white would be needed.—Ohio Farmer. folks, an' we want to show hit."-Atlanta Constitution.

SLEEP, SOLDIER, SLEEP!



Sleep, soldier, sleep! Thy work is o'er, No more the bugle calls "to arms;" Dream on beneath thy tent of green Sleep, coldier, sleep, free from alarms!

Rest, soldier, rest! while we to-day Bring fragrant flowers, with reverent To deck the graves of those we love-A tribute to our honored dead.

Sieep, soldier, sieep! Thy work is o'er, Sieep on and rest, free from all care; While we our gratitude express, With blossoms sweet and garlands fair, —W. G. Park, in Good Housekeeping.

Singular Ship.

The most singular ship in the world is the Polyphemus, of the British navy. It is simply a long steel tube, seeply buried in the water, the decks rising only four feet above the sea. It carries no masts or sails, and is used as a ram



A CHEAP FARM BARN.

Description and Elevation of a Struc-ture Planned by the Carolina Experiment Station.

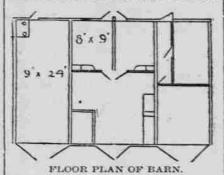
This barn was planned by the Carolina experiment station and built for \$150. The main pax, in the center, is 16x24 feet, and the two sheds, one on each side, are each 10x24 feet. Fig. 1 hows the elevation and Fig. 2 the floor plan. It will be seen that the main room has space for carriages, with harness room and grain bin. The foundation



CHEAP FARM BARN

timbers of the barn were raised nearly a foot above the general level of the soil. The floor of the stalls and the anteroom, including all of the main body of the barn, but not including the side shed rooms, were built up with rocks and gravel a depth of one foot, so as to be even with the tops of the sills. The floors of both shed rooms were also covered to a depth of several inches with broken stone and gravel, so as to keep them dry.

The additional shed could have been



put under the same straight roof at considerably less expense, and would have afforded more storage room. The umber bill, not including the second shed, is as follows. Readers can com-pare the cost in North Carolina and

their own localities:

sills, 6x6x24... sill, 6x6x10... posts, 4x6x12... posts, 4x6x14... posts, 4x6x8... plates, 2x4x16... 4 plates, 2x4x16
4 plates, 4x4x24
1 plece (rldge), 1x8x24
13 rafters, 2x6x13.
13 rollar beams, 1x6x10.
13 fool plots, 2x5x16
9 pleces (braces), 3x4x15.
10 pleces (braces), 3x4x15
10 pleces (braces), 3x4x15
10 pleces 1x4x24
10 pleces 1x4x15 pieces, lxixis.
Gables and carriage room.
78 slats at horse stalls, lxixy.
6 pieces horse stable, lxi6xio.
Lumber for 4 doors.
Timber (permanent stalls), 6 pieces,
%thou

area Feed boxes 3 plecea, lw10x11 feet (floor joists in shed). Floor in shed loft, 5 feet of shed and rise to roof.

Partition stable from front room, 19
pieces, 1x10x9 feet.
Grain boxes in side of main room.

11-inch floor for front room

15 pieces, 2x10x15 (floor joists). 500 375

To change the plan enough to make the roof straight over the second shed would require 6 posts 14 feet long and 26 rafters 231/2 feet long, and to drop out the corresponding 3 posts 12 feet erlong wif lots uv odder colo'd men, to long and 13 rafters 13 feet long; then other lumber, enough to cover the shed.

THE HORSE BUSINESS.

it Pays Well Enough If Due Care in the Selection of the Breeding Stock Is Exercised.

The reports that come from those breeding and dealing in stallions go to show that the farmers of this country are about to begin breeding horse again. It is to be hoped that they will exercise due care in selection of their breeding stock. It is sometimes better to miss raising a colt than to breed a mare with some serious defect that may be transmitted to her progeny. Good, blocky mares, bred to stylish coach stallions, will make a cross that will produce a very desirable kind of an animal. So also heavy mares bred to strictly good Percheron stallions will produce a draft animal of great endurance and that will bring a high price.

The average farmer should not bothe to breed to thoroughbred or trottingbred stock. Unless the progeny is exceptionally good it will sell at a low price. This class has only speed to determine the price, while Cleveland bays coachers and the heavy draft classes are always in demand .- Farmers' Voice.

How to Care for Sheep.

It is not a good plan to begin sheep breeding on the assumption that be ause sheep are good scavengers they may be profitably used for this purpose alone, and kept on the farm for nothing. Sheep like weeds and keep them in subjection, but unfortunately weeds are not the best and most nutritious feed that may be given to the sheep. If you begin keeping sheep do it because you want to make money out of them by giving them good care. They will pay you then better than any other live stock you can invest in and you need not worry about stampedes, low fence and other things that enttlemen worry about .- Dakota Field and Farm.

ENRICHES THE SOIL.

cience Has Demonstrated Beyond a Doubt That Alfalfa Rejuvenates Wornout Land.

There is another remarkable characteristic of alfalfa that none of its rivais ossesses-that is, the power to enrich chemically exhausted land. Along its tangled roots close examination shows masses of what are known to be tuber-In other words, every root of alfalfa is afflicted with tuberculosis. Inhabiting these tubercles are myriads of bacteria. It is a general belief that bacteria are harmful to the human race. Some kinds are; but science is authority for the statement that bacteria are not always dangerous. Prof. G. L. Clothier, of the state agricultural college in Kansas, says, in discussing the bacteria on alfalfa and similar plants: Many species are very beneficial to the world. Among them are the bacteria inhabiting the tubercles on the roots of leguminous plants. I remember that one of the assistants

in this department of that college held up to me with a great show of pride a culture of some sort showing what he said was a marvelous growth of bac-teria in tubercles. He was absolutely fond of those tubercles. My thought was one of great surprise until be informed me that one of the best things for the rehabilitation of exhausted soils was to grow some sort of plants on whose roots tubercles such as those would thrive. Alfalfa is one of these plants. Its long roots have a double part to play in this renovation of nature. The millions upon millions of bacteria draw large quantities of nitrogen from the air and store it up in the tubercles for use when the plant needs it. Scientific experiment has shown this to be absolutely true. Then the roots go on an excursion for cer-tain chemicals on their own book. They go down ten, fifteen or twenty feet and bring up the potash and phosphorie acid that are needed for such a plant and its tubercles.

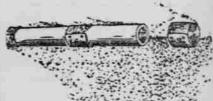
Now, when these roots decay or are plowed underground, they not only release the great quantities of chemicals that have been stored up, but they leave millions upon millions of little openings in the earth, into which fresh air and moisture find their way, and thus fertility of soil is renewed. In other words, the land renews its youth and vigor by means of a plant which drags down into its roots certain chemicals from the air and pulls up into its roots certain other chemicals from the deep soil that could not be reached in any other way. It has been said that alfalfa lives more in the air than on the soil.

It has been proved beyond shadow of doubt that alfalfa does renew then youth of the soil. Phenomenal yields of wheat and other cereals have followed the plowing under of fields of alfalfa, and these yields have continued year after year.-Harper's Weekly.

LAST A LONG TIME.

Tar-Paper Collars for Tiles Are Easily Made and Save Much Trouble and Annoyance.

In laying tile drains the most serious danger is that earth will get in at the joints and finally clog up the interior. It is a difficult matter to lay the short pieces of tile so that this will not occur. It is a common practice to put hay over the joints, and upon this to pack the earth. The hay, however, decays within a few weeks and may then itself be carried into the joints. An excellent method of preventing this is shown in the accompanying illustra-tion. Closely fitting collars are made of heavy tarred paper and a collar 4,592 slipped over each joint as the tile is laid. Such collars are easily made. cither by sewing or by riveting together with tin-headed tacks, such as are used



PAPER COLLARS FOR TILES.

in roofing, and when in place these collars will last a long time, certainly until the ground is firmly and immovably established about the tiling.

It costs too much to do this kind of draining not to take every precaution against failure in any part of the work. In this connection it may be well to warn all those who put down tiles against the common practice of throwing back into the trench, about and above the tile, the rocks that are dug out with the earth. Not only is there much risk of breaking the tiling but there is also the risk that in the settling of the rocks the joints of the tiles may be greatly disturbed .- Orange Judd Farmer.

AMONG THE POULTRY.

Dry food is best for chicks. It pays to grind bones for the bens. Never grease a hen while she is sit-

Feed growing chickens a variety of food. Never feed sour or moldy feed to

ducklings. Set as many hens at the same time as possible.

Bake the cornmeal into bread before feeding it. After hatching let the chicks remain

in the nest until ary. The scraps from the table will help to make a good variety.

The best layers are those that are active and forage well. Just before night is the best time to

put eggs under a sitting hen. Utilize the grain, vegetable and meat waste of the farm by converting it into poultry and eggs.-St. Louis Republic.